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and natural. It was his practice to compare his portraits, at a distance, along-side of his sitters; and at one time he painted with brush handles four feet long. His portraits of revolutionary characters form a precious gallery in the Hall of Independence. \* \* \* It was the opinion of Colonel Trumbull, that if he could have confined his genius to the single object of painting, he would have ranked very high as an artist. He was one of the early members of the Philosophical Society, when Franklin was the president; and co-operated with me in the formation of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in 1806. \* \* \* The last years of his life he luxuriated in the enjoyments of a country life, near Germantown, with hanging gardens, grotto and fountain, and a hospitable table for all his friends. \* \* \* His last painting was a full-length portrait of himself, at the age of 83. He died in his 85th year, in 1826, not of old age, but by an affection of the heart, induced by over exertion.

REMBRANDT PEALE.

The following is the first of the articles from London's *Architectural Magazine* (1837), promised some weeks back.

*The Poetry of Architecture; or the Architecture of the nations of Europe, considered in its Association with Natural Scenery and National Character.* By KATA PHUSIN (JOHN RUSKIN).

NO I.

#### INTRODUCTION.

THE science of architecture, followed out to its full extent, is one of the noblest of those which have reference only to the creations of human minds. It is not merely a science of the rule and compass; it does not consist only in the observation of just rule, or of fair proportion; it is, or ought to be, a science of feeling more than of rule, a ministry to the mind more than the eye. If we considered how much less the beauty and majesty of a building depend upon its pleasing certain prejudices of the eye, than upon its rousing certain trains of meditation in the mind, it will show in a moment how many intricate questions of feeling are involved in the raising of an edifice; it will convince us of the truth of a proposition, which might at first have appeared startling, that no man can be an architect who is not a metaphysician. To the illustration of the department of this noble science, which may be designated the Poetry of Architecture, this and some future articles will be dedicated. It is this peculiarity of the Art which constitutes its nationality; and it will be found as interesting as it is useful, to trace in the distinctive characters of the architecture of nations, not only its adaptation to the situation and climate in which it has arisen, but its strong similarity to, and connection with, the prevailing turn of mind, by which the nation who first employed it is distinguished. I consider the task I have imposed upon myself the more necessary, because this department of the science, perhaps regarded by some who have no ideas beyond stone and mortar, as chimerical, and by others, who think nothing necessary but truth and proportion, as useless, is at a miserably low ebb in England. And what is the consequence? We have Corinthian columns placed beside

pilasters of no order at all, surmounted by monstrosified pepper-boxes, Gothic in form and Grecian in detail, in a building nominally and peculiarly national; we have Swiss cottages, falsely and calumniously so entitled, dropped in the brick fields around the metropolis; and we have staring, square-windowed, flat-roofed, gentlemen's seats, of the lath and plaster, mock-magnificent, Regent's Park description, rising on the woody promontories of Derwent-water.

How deeply is it to be regretted, how much is it to be wondered at, that in a country whose school of painting, though degraded by its system of meretricious coloring, and disgraced by hosts of would-be imitators of inimitable individuals, is yet raised by the distinguished talent of those individuals to a place of well deserved honor; and the studios of whose sculptors are filled with designs of the most pure simplicity, and most perfect animation—the school of architecture should be so miserably debased.

There are, however, many reasons for a fact so lamentable. In the first place, the patrons of architecture (I am speaking of all classes of buildings, from the lowest to the highest,) are a more numerous, and less capable class than those of painting. The general public, and I say it with sorrow, because I know it from observation, have little to do with the encouragement of the school of painting, beyond the power which they unquestionably possess, and unmercifully use, of compelling our artists to substitute glare for beauty. Observe the direction of public taste at any of our exhibitions. We see visitors, at that of the Society of Painters in water colors, passing Taylor with anathemas, and Lewis with indifference, to remain in reverence and admiration before certain amiable white lambs and water-lilies, whose artists shall be nameless.

We see them, in the Royal Academy, passing by Wilkie, Turner and Callcott, with shrugs of doubt or of scorn, to fix in gazing, enthusiastic crowds upon kettleful of witches, and His Majesty's ships So-and-So, lying-to in a gale, &c., &c. But these pictures attain no celebrity because the public admire them, for it is not to the public that the judgment is intrusted. It is by the chosen few, by our nobility, and men of taste and talent, that the decision is made, the fame bestowed, and the artist encouraged. Not so in architecture. There, the power is generally diffused. Every citizen may box himself up in as barbarous a tenement as suits his taste or inclination; the architect is his vassal, and must permit him not only to criticise, but to perpetrate. The palace, or the nobleman's seat, may be raised in good taste, and become the admiration of a nation; but the influence of their owner is terminated by the boundary of his estate: he has no command over the adjacent scenery, and the possessor of every thirty acres around him has him at his mercy. The streets of our cities are examples of the effects of this clashing of different tastes: and they are either remarkable for the utter absence of all attempt at embellishment, or disgraced by every variety of abomination.

Again, in a climate like ours, those few who have knowledge and feeling to distinguish what is beautiful, are frequently pre-

vented by various circumstances from erecting it.

John Bull's comfort perpetually interferes with his good taste, and I should be the first to lament his losing so much of his nationality, as to permit the latter to prevail. He cannot put his windows into a recess, without darkening his rooms; he cannot raise a narrow gable above his walls, without knocking his head against the rafters; and, worst of all, he cannot do either without being stigmatized by the awful, inevitable epithet of "a very odd man." But, though much of the degradation of our present school of architecture is owing to the want or the unfitness of patrons, surely it is yet more attributable to a lamentable deficiency of taste and talent among our architects themselves. It is true, that in a country affording so little encouragement, and presenting so many causes for its absence, it cannot be expected that we should have any Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. The energy of our architects is expended in raising "neat" poor-houses, and "pretty" charity-schools; and, if they ever enter upon a work of a higher rank, economy is the order of the day; plaster and stucco are substituted for granite and marble; rods of splashed iron for columns of verd-antique; and, in the wild struggle after novelty, the fantastic is mistaken for the graceful, the complicated for the imposing, superfluity of ornament for beauty, and its total absence for simplicity.

But all these disadvantages might in some degree be counteracted, all these abuses in a great degree prevented, were it not for the slight attention paid by our architects to that branch of the Art which I have above designated as the poetry of architecture. All unity of feeling (which is the first principle of good taste) is neglected; we see nothing but incongruous combination: we have pinnacles without height, windows without light, columns with nothing to sustain, and buttresses with nothing to support.

We have parish paupers smoking their pipes, and drinking their beer under Gothic arches and sculptured niches; and quiet old English gentlemen reclining on crocodile stools, and peeping out of the windows of Swiss chalets. I shall attempt, therefore, to illustrate the principle, from the neglect of which these abuses have arisen; that of unity of feeling, the basis of all grace, the essence of all beauty. We shall consider the architecture of nations as it is influenced by their feelings and manners, as it is connected with the scenery in which it is found, and with the skies under which it was erected; we shall be led as much to the street and the cottage as to the temple and the tower; and shall be more interested in buildings raised by feeling, than in those corrected by rule.

We shall commence with the lower class of edifices, proceeding from the road-side to the village, and from the village to the city; and, if we succeed in directing the attention of a single individual more pointedly to this most interesting department of the science of architecture, we shall not have written in vain.

THE Italians call every artist *maestro*. When they see one who practises an art, without making a profession of it, they say *si diletta*. Their expression of polite amusement and wonder, shows their thoughts on the subject.—*Gode!*